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A
ROUND OF RIMES

DENIS A. MCCARTHY

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UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

A ROUND OF RIMES

BY
DENIS A. McCARTHY

BOSTON
REVIEW PUBLISHING COMPANY
1900

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To One

"Who never doubted clouds would break."

PREFACE.

The author of this modestly-named volume has honored me with an invitation to say "a brief, prefatory word" about his work. But I am going to presume upon our cherished friendship to evade such limitations as to brevity, for I shall speak *carte blanche*, without reserve, in the fullness of an admiration born of a critical, impartial analysis.

The public has a right to know about its poets.

The poet may not follow others' lead
And lightly write what some may lightly read;
But true to life, his lines some trace must bear
Of life's mysterious sorrow and despair.

This is a stanza from Mr. McCarthy's word-painting of "The Poet." I consider it typical of himself—it describes my poet accurately and well. He does not "follow others' lead." His lines are "true to life" and they breathe "of life's mysterious sorrow."

Denis A. McCarthy was born in Ireland in the "Golden Vale" of Tipperary, and came to Boston when but a boy.

His education abroad was under the direction of the Christian Brothers. But it was in the great University of the World that he matriculated, and he has already taken several degrees, *summa cum laude*.

Mr. McCarthy essays the heights of Parnassus with a free and independent carriage; he loves fresh air and the sunshine; the purity and the vigor of Nature are in all his verses. But of his beloved Motherland he sings best and sweetest.

Mr. McCarthy's name is already favorably known to the American reading public. His poetry and his prose have graced the columns of many magazines and newspapers. I am sure that my own department of "Under the Rose," in the Boston *Daily Globe*, has been often strongly enhanced by his loyal lyrics and his romantic melodies.

His position as Associate Editor of the *Sacred Heart Review* gives to him an assured place in the Catholic literature of the day. His pen is facile and forceful, and he is constantly alert and active in the defence of religion and of race.

The *Pilot*, whose editors know the essential elements of poetic excellence, has this to say of one of Mr. McCarthy's productions: "Nearly a year ago, a charming little poem

appeared in the *Pilot* under the title, 'Ah, Sweet is Tipperary in the Spring!' with the signature 'D. A. McCarthy.' It was not Mr. McCarthy's first poem in the *Pilot*, nor happily has it been his last. But this especial poem was so full of music and color as to become at once a favorite, widely copied by the press ; and finally quoted by a discerning teacher in a prominent school, well known for its imparting of a fine literary taste to its pupils, as an example of true, spontaneous, and really exquisite poetry."

Bud Brier does not claim for these "Rimes" (any more than does their author) that they are, each and every one, perfect examples of verse making. He is aware that his friendship for this new singer may be the cause of some of the admiration he feels for the songs. But he can frankly present them as a creditable beginning of the still better and nobler work that Mr. McCarthy is destined to do in the future.

WILLIAM HOPKINS.

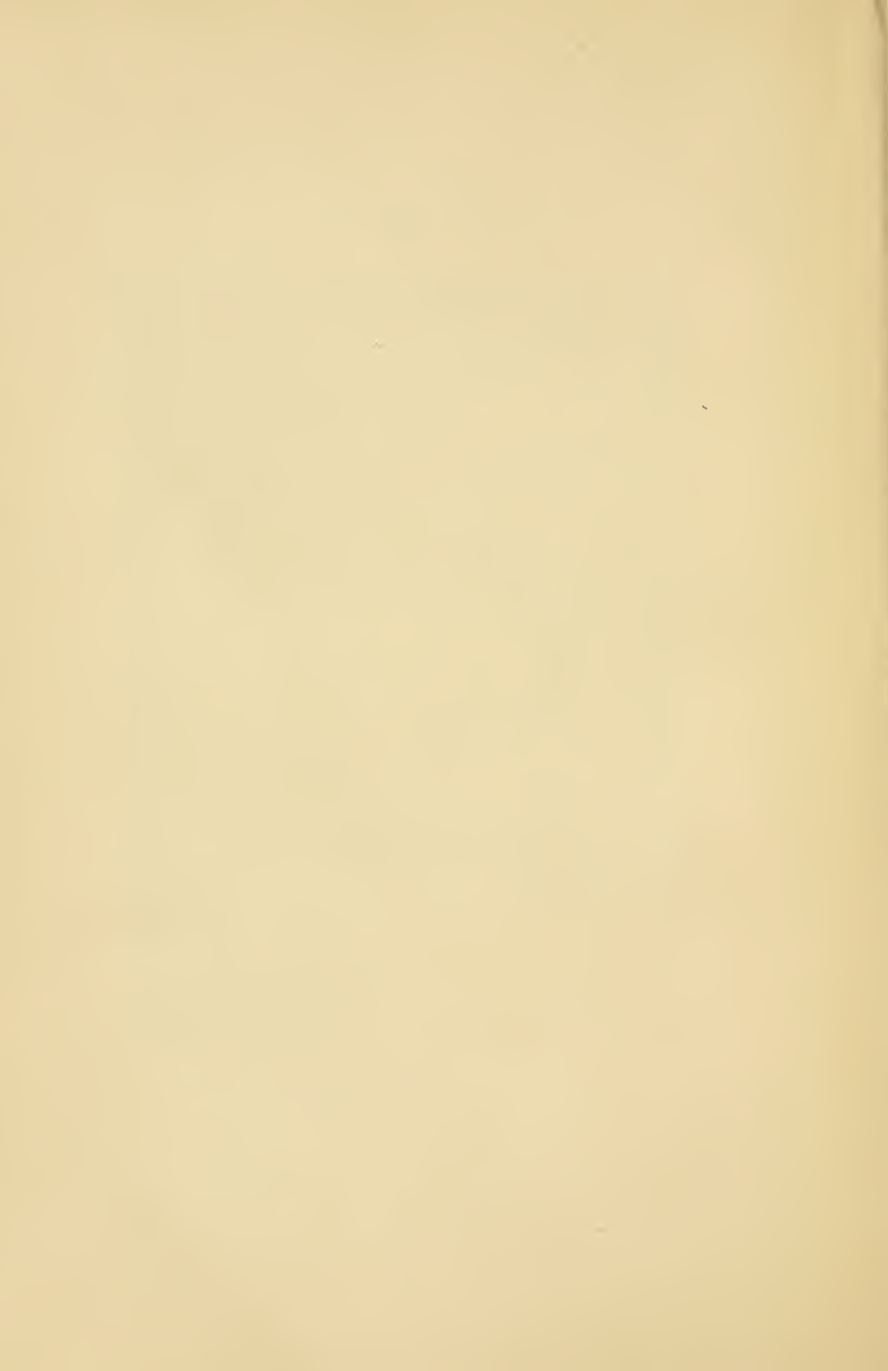
Boston, November, 1900.

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THE POET.

The poet sees the tragedy that lies
Concealed within the heart from other eyes.

Behind the mask, behind the surface smile
He sees the gnawing canker-grief the while.

Beneath the word he sees the deeper thought,
And, deeper still, the soul with sorrow fraught.

All things reveal themselves unto his ken.
His chart is human life; his books are men.

And this the secret is of all his art :
He sees life wholly, others but in part.

A godlike gift is this the gods bestow
To see the truth, to feel it and to know.

And thus because he pierces the pretence
Of shallow smiles and words disguising sense,

The poet may not follow others' lead
And lightly write what some may lightly read.

But true to life his lines some trace must bear
Of life's mysterious sorrow and despair.

The sweetest music breathes a minor strain,
And life would not be perfect but for pain.

And so the poet sings of grief and strife,
And tears and fears, because of such is life.

WHERE MOTHER SLEEPS.

Where mother sleeps
 No sunbeam glances gladly ;
 But the wind sadly
 Through the long grasses sweeps.
 The night dew weeps,
 And darkly shadows fall
 From the old ruined abbey wall
 Where ivy creeps.
 No song of bird,
 Saving the owlet's dismal cry, is heard.
 No floweret gay,
 Child of the sun-loved summer day,
 From the cold earth upleaps.
 But all is drear :
 Death's silence reigneth here —
 Where mother sleeps.

WHEN ALL THE WORLD GOES WRONG.

When all the world goes wrong, my dear,
 When all the world goes wrong,
 When in the heart no hope there is,
 And in the soul no song ;
 When every thought with grief is fraught,
 Ah, then I look and long
 For love and cheer from thee, my dear,
 When all the world goes wrong !

When all the world goes right, my dear,
 When all the world goes right,
 With every promise proving true
 And every prospect bright ;
 The gladsome gleams of golden dreams
 Are fairer in my sight,
 If you are near to share, my dear,
 When all the world goes right !

But let the world go right or wrong,
 Your hand and voice and kiss
 Can charm away, from day to day,
 My sadness into bliss ;

With you to share my joy and care
My toil, my smile, my song,
I will not fret, but freely let
The world go right or wrong!

MY SONG.

I said, "I'll sing of all the foreign places
 And of the faces that my eyes have seen,
 Since, long ago, I looked my last on Erin,
 Beloved Erin of the valleys green!"
 And there before me like a panorama,
 The long, long drama of my exiled days,
 The friends and scenes of many a year of wand'ring,
 As I sat pond'ring, passed before my gaze.

But when I tried to sing, behold, I could not!
 My fingers would not wake the silent chords;
 And though I bent my mind unto the singing
 There was no ringing of the magic words.

And then I said: "I'll sing of one the dearest,
 Of one the nearest in the storm and strife,
 Of one who led me through the toil and trouble
 Of things ignoble to a better life;
 Yea, I will steep my soul in dreamings of her,
 For O! I love her and have loved her long,
 And I will wake my harp to give expression
 To all my passion in a sweet, sweet song."

But when I tried to sing, behold, I could not!
 My fingers would not o'er the harpstrings move,
 And though I bent my mind unto the singing
 There was no ringing of the lay of love.

I said at last, " I'll sing a song of Erin,
My own dear Erin o'er the distant seas ;
I'll sing of all the olden, golden glories
That fill the stories of her *seanachies* ;
For through my veins her ancient blood is flowing,
My heart is glowing with her ancient fire,
And I will sing of her, though sad and lonely,
My land, the only land of my desire ! "

And then I sang ; I struck the harp with boldness ;
No longer coldness hindered mind or hand ;
And from my lips there poured the pride, the gladness,
Ay, and the sadness of my native land !

“A DREAMER LIVES FOREVER.”

I, too, have been a dreamer ; I have knelt
 To truth and beauty in Arcadian meads ;
The rapture of the poet I have felt,
 And all his keen desire for noble deeds.
And though my money-minded neighbor deems
 Of little worth the things that I have done,
Far dearer to the dreamer are his dreams
 Than all the wealth by worldly wisdom won.

WHEN SUMMER COMES AGAIN.

When summer comes again, dear,
 And balmy breezes blow,
 The fields will all be sweet with flowers
 That now are white with snow ;
 Blue mists will wrap the hill, dear,
 And echoes haunt the glen,
 And sunbeams kiss the rill, dear,
 When summer comes again.

When winter winds have fled, dear,
 And winter's dreary hours,
 The lark will whistle in the cloud,
 The blackbird in the bowers ;
 The earth her best will don, dear,
 To glad the eyes of men,
 When winter days are gone, dear,
 And summer comes again.

When summer comes again, dear,
 And love a spell hath wove
 Around thy gentle heart and mine
 That scarce have dreamed of love,
 The coldness of the past, dear,
 Will be forgotten then,
 When love is lord at last, dear,
 And summer comes again.

AH, SWEET IS TIPPERARY.

Ah, sweet is Tipperary in the springtime of the year,
 When the hawthorn's whiter than the snow,
 When the feathered folk assemble and the air is all
 a-tremble

With their singing and their winging to and fro ;
 When queenly Slievenamon puts her verdant ves-
 ture on,

And smiles to hear the news the breezes bring ;
 When the sun begins to glance on the rivulets that
 dance —

Ah, sweet is Tipperary in the spring !

Ah, sweet is Tipperary in the springtime of the year,
 When the mists are rising from the lea,
 When the Golden Vale is smiling with a beauty all
 beguiling

And the Suir goes crooning to the sea ;
 When the shadows and the showers only multiply
 the flowers

That the lavish hand of May will fling ;
 When in unfrequented ways, fairy music softly plays—
 Ah, sweet is Tipperary in the spring !

Ah, sweet is Tipperary in the springtime of the year,
When life like the year is young,
When the soul is just awaking like a lily blossom
breaking,
And love words linger on the tongue;
When the blue of Irish skies is the hue of Irish eyes,
And love dreams cluster and cling
Round the heart and round the brain, half of pleasure,
half of pain —
Ah, sweet is Tipperary in the spring!

REMORSE.

I spoke to him shortly, sharply,
 I looked on him with a frown,
 I told him his sins and follies
 Were the talk of all the town—
 And now there's a sorrow in my heart
 That tears can never drown.

Sympathy never I offered,
 Blinded I was with pride,
 The hand I should have reached him
 Hung idly at my side—
 And now Remorse a constant guest
 Will ever with me abide.

Ah, had I been more loving,
 Had I but guarded and led ;
 But I went my way unheeding,
 And closed my heart instead ;
 And now, too late, I love him,
 Too late, for he is dead.

THE POET'S HEART.

The poet's heart's a crucible wherein
The baser metals of life's grief and wrong
Are by the subtle alchemy of pain
Transmuted straight into the gold of song.

LOVE'S JOY AND GRIEF.

Love lifts us to the height of the immortals,
Love gives us sight until we almost see
The bliss that hides behind the shining portals
Of God's eternity !

Ah, yes, Love's joy is sweet beyond believing ;
And blest is he whose life has felt its power ;
But pity him whose heart has known the grieving
Of Love's sad hour !

A SONG OF '98.

Open your ears to the song I sing you,
 Open your eyes to the truth I show,
 Open your hearts to the hope I bring you,
 Hope for a land that is lying low ;
 Centuries old are the chains that bind her,
 Centuries old is the scar she bears,
 Bitter as death are the days behind her,
 Yet through it all she never despairs !
 Rouse you then from your idle dreaming,
 Wake to welcome the time at hand,
 Liberty's light will soon be streaming
 Over the hills of our native land !

Red in the night the fires are glowing,
 Loud in the night the anvils ring,
 Faces dark in the flames are glowing,
 Sinewy arms the sledges swing,
 Steady and sure the task pursuing,
 Each after each the metal strikes—
 Men, are you blind to the work they're doing ?
 Can you not see they are forging pikes !
 Pikes, the weapons of good and true men,
 Pikes, the weapons of Freedom's sons,
 Pikes to put in the hands of you, men,
 After a while you may capture guns !

Listen, we've heard from across the water,
Heard a message from friendly lips—
France, young Liberty's daring daughter
Over the sea, is sending ships
Laden with means for the land's salvation—
Men and money and arms, galore,
Coming to help us raise the nation
Up to her ancient place once more !
Rouse you then from your idle dreaming,
Grasp the weapon that fits the hand,
Liberty's light will soon be streaming
Over the hills of our native land !

FIRST LOVE.

O, sweet is life when Youth is in the blood !
And Love first lays his glamour on the heart !
When dreams anticipant are at their flood,
And into being new-found feelings start !

O, Time ! Thy swiftly flying steps retrace ;
Come Love, again, and fill my heart with joy ;
For what can Manhood offer to replace
The rapturous self-deception of a boy !

A HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

A hundred years ago thy valleys rang,
Land of my heart, with Freedom's battle-cry,
When Wexford's peasantry in frenzy sprang
To arms, resolved to break thy chains or die!
Bright was the vision, as the glorious green
And golden banner o'er the battle shone,
And England's strength gave way before the keen,
Bright blades of those who followed Father John!
Bright was the vision!—but, alas, my land,
The vision was as fleeting as 'twas bright,
Thy foes were stronger than thou couldst withstand,
And Freedom's sun went down in slavery's night!

THE SORROW OF LOVE.

I said, " I am fain to borrow,
O Life, of your joys' sweet store ; "
But the gift of Love brought sorrow
Worse than was mine before.

" But I'm conscious of life completer,
From the sorrows the years have
brought,
For the sorrow of Love is sweeter
Than joy where Love is not."

AN OLD WOMAN'S THOUGHT.

Ah ! if I were only in Erin,
 In Erin far over the wave,
 'Tis little at all I'd be carin',
 And few are the troubles I'd have !
 For there are the well-beloved places —
 The chapel, the village, the mill,
 The sthream laughing loud as it races
 Down from the hill.

There, mornin's in spring many scented,
 There hawthorn's snowy white bloom,
 There sunsets at evenin' God-painted,
 There glow-worms shine in the gloom,
 There boreens enchantin'ly mazy
 All bordered with flowers in June,
 There daffy-down-dilly and daisy
 And meadow larks tune.

There friends at each turn to meet me
 With kindly "God save you, asthore !"
 An' others with blessin's to greet me
 The minute I'd open the door.
 There children the soft chair to bring me
 Sayin', "Welcome ! Sit down awhile, ma'am,"
 And never the cowld word to sting me,
 Ould as I am.

But here I am weary, so weary !

The city's smoke spreads like a pall,
The skies are so gray and so dreary,

There's no friend to greet me at all ;
My daughters are proud, overbearin',

My sons wish me laid in the grave —
Ah ! if I were only in Erin

'Tis few of these troubles I'd have !

LOVE AND WAR.

Must Love be silent when the brazen tongue
Of war's loud tocsin fills the land with dread?
When flaunting war-flags to the winds are flung,
And hearts grow sick with sorrow for the dead?

When harsh and sullen the imperious drum
Commands tranquility's repose to cease,
Must Love be silent, must the lips be dumb
That erewhile sang his songs in perfect peace?

Ah, not for peace alone love here exists,
Nor are his songs made only for delight,
Love enters, too, the nation's bloody lists
To fire the hearts and nerve the arms that fight.

The awful clamor of the days of strife
New strength and meaning to his songs impart,
And thus is Love through all the ways of life
The chosen minstrel of the human heart.

"IN THE TUMULT OF THE CITY."

In the tumult of the city there is neither rest nor
peace,
Of the hurry and the worry we may never know
surcease,
For, before one trouble's ended there's another all
begun,
And before one race is over there's another to be run.
But I know a land of quiet, but I know a place of
dreams,
By a softly-flowing river that's the pleasantest of
streams,
Where a soothing wind is sighing through the mead-
ows all the day,
In my own dear native valley far away !

In the tumult of the city there is glory to be won,
And the promptings of ambition at one's heart are
never done ;
But I'm weary of the struggle and I'm fain again to
lie
In the long, luxuriant grasses where the river wanders
by.
Let them fight for fame who want it, I had rather sit
and dream
In the pleasant fields of Erin with the sunlight on the
stream ;

What's the good of gold and glory when your life is
dull and gray,

And you're sighing for a valley far away!

But the tumult of the city, howsoever loud it be,
Can not drown the robin's singing in the fields of
memory;

And the clouds of care that hover, can not mar the
mental view

Of the smiling Irish meadows with the river flowing
through;

So I'll face, again, the battle, though the odds be ten
to one,

For the future can not rob me of the happiness that's
gone;

And I'll gird my soul in patience, though I never-
more may stray

Through my own dear native valley far away!

GO WHERE YOU WILL.

Go where you will my heart will follow after ;
Ever my ears are listening for your laughter ;
Ever my eyes look longingly to see
Your face, again, that is so dear to me !

Go where you will may blessings be about you ;
Drear are the days, dear one, and sad, without you ;
Swift be the wings of time until I see
Your face, again, that is so dear to me !

Go where you will — love laughs at time or distance ;
Love still maintains, through all, its sweet insistence ;
Yet, knowing this, I still am fain to see
Your face, again, that is so dear to me !

A QUESTION.

If, after all the vows that I have sworn
Of love and constancy, my heart should stray
To brighter eyes and redder lips, and scorn
Thy love that has been mine for many a day,
Wouldst thou upbraid me with a bitter tongue,
And call down curses on my recreant head?
Or wouldst thou, for love's sake, forgive the wrong,
And let thy heart be merciful instead?

A SHAMROCK FROM THE SUIR.

Our country's feast is drawing near ;
 Then, sister mine, I pray,
 Send me a little shamrock, dear,
 To wear upon that day ;
 'Twill comfort me, and make me strong
 My exile to endure,
 'Twill be what I have wished for long —
 A shamrock from the Suir.

A shamrock from the sun-loved vale
 Wherein my youth was spent ;
 A shamrock kissed by ev'ry gale
 And sweet with springtime's scent ;
 A shamrock that at vesper bell
 Has drunk of dew-drops pure ;
 A shamrock that the heart can tell
 Grew green beside the Suir.

And oh, the memories of old
 That to my mind will rise,
 When I the triple leaves behold
 Again, with tear-dimmed eyes !
 And oh, the dreams of days ere yet
 I followed fortune's lure,
 Ere hearts were sad, or eyes tear-wet
 Beside the peaceful Suir !

And faces that for years have lain
 Beneath the graveyard mould,
Will greet me smilingly again
 As in the days of old ;
And once again my mother mild
 Will breathe her teachings pure,
For I'll be as a little child —
 A child beside the Suir.

Then send a shamrock, dear, to me
 Across the dreary wave,
And pluck it from beneath the tree
 That shades our mother's grave ;
And all the pain and weariness
 Which vainly seeks a cure
Will fly, when to my lips I press
 That shamrock from the Suir !

MEMORIES OF IRELAND.

I see in dreams a purple mountain rise
 Above a verdant vale,
 Across the azure stretches of the skies
 I see the cloud-ships sail.

A river rippled by a wandering wind
 Sighs mournfully along,
 As if its waters grieved to leave behind
 The beauties here that throng.

And this is home, thus pictured in my dreams,
 This hill is Slievenamon ;
 And this the Suir, the queen of all the streams
 The sunlight plays upon.

This is the summer sky of bygone days
 That on my youthhood smiled,
 And this the Golden Valley, through whose ways
 I wandered when a child.

Oh, dear dream-pictures of my native Isle
 Across the spreading seas,
 You give me grief — you give me joy the while, —
 Oh, sad, sweet memories !

For, as in Ireland, through the blinding rain
 The sun's bright rays are cast ;
 So pleasure mingles in my heart with pain
 Remembering the past !

DREAMS.

When the balmy days grow long,
Love, I dream of thee the more,
And I weave into my song
All the sad, sweet thoughts that throng
Of the golden days of yore.

If to dream of thee be wrong
Then have I offended sore.
Love, I dream of thee the more
When the balmy days grow long.

All the winter have I sighed
For thy presence, wearily ;
Grieving gazed across the wide
Gulf of selfish human pride
That divided thee and me.

Now sweet hope inspires my song,
Wears the smile that once she wore —
Love, I dream of thee the more
When the balmy days grow long !

POOR LOVE MUST WAIT.

Poor Love must wait till duty's done,
 Poor Love must wait till fame be won,
 Though years go sighing, one by one,
 "Too late! Too late!"

Till duty's done and fame be won,
 Poor Love must wait.

Poor Love must wait though hearts may ache,
 Poor Love must wait though hearts may break,
 Though tears will flow for his dear sake —
 Yet such is Fate,
 Though hearts may ache, though hearts may break,
 Poor Love must wait!

Poor Love must wait, through every pain,
 Poor Love must wait — but not in vain.
 Though all things else by time be slain,
 Love conquers Fate!
 O, not in vain, through every pain
 Poor Love must wait!

TO ONE IN BOHEMIA.

Brother in suffering, brother, too, in song,
We well can smile at what the days may bring,
For we have known the limit of life's wrong
And felt of sorrow's pain the utmost sting.

Then let us sing — gazing with fearless eyes
Upon the coming years, whate'er they bear,
Behold the sun is shining in the skies,
And God is master of the world's despair !

O LAND OF YOUTH!

O Land of Youth! O Land of hopeful hearts!
 O flowery, fruitful Land of faith and trust!
 How sweet to turn—as year on year departs,
 And sees each fond illusion fall to dust—
 How sweet, and yet how sad, to turn away
 From present pain, the past to linger o'er,
 And try to bring into the bleak today
 The dreams of joy that I shall know no more.

O Land of Youth! Swift rolls the tide of Time,
 Whose current bears me farther still from thee,
 Through many a strange and uncongenial clime
 My bark of life goes outward to the sea;
 More distant grow thy hills that used to rise
 Like inspirations in the days of yore,
 And naught remains of thee to glad my eyes,
 O Land of Youth, that I shall see no more!

But memory musing o'er the golden hours
 That once were mine amid thy verdant vales,
 Transports me back again among the flowers
 Whose fragrance freighted all the summer gales;
 And one fair face that I would fain forget
 Looks out upon me from a cottage door,
 Until my heart is weary with regret—
 Regret for love that I shall know no more!

O Land of Youth ! Too soon we leave behind
Thy ways serene, thy innocent delights !
Too soon we burden the exhausted mind
With toilsome days of care and cheerless nights !
Would God that it had been my lot to stay
A little longer on thy friendly shore,
And so, perhaps, possess thy peace today —
Thy blessed peace, that I shall know no more !

ACROSS THE SEAS IN ERIN.

Across the seas in Erin are manly hearts and true,
 Are souls to dream,
 And minds to scheme,
 And willing hands to do !
 Then wherefore from her valleys do her scattered
 people flee ?
 And wherefore is she still oppressed when other lands
 are free ?
 Alas ! alas, for Erin ! With all her brain and brawn,
 The years reveal
 Her children's steel
 Against each other drawn.

Across the seas in Erin are men like those who
 made
 The martial fame
 And splendid name
 Of Meagher's bold brigade !
 Then wherefore is the right denied that she has sued
 for long ?
 And why is she still bowed beneath sad centuries of
 wrong ?
 Alas ! alas, for Erin ! With all the stirring deeds,
 In chains she lives,
 And no one gives
 The unity she needs.

Across the seas in Erin, what joy to hear again
The voice of one
Whose magic tone
Could fuse the hearts of men !
Could fuse the various hearts of men till petty strife
should die,
And o'er her hills should ring one grand united battle
cry !
Alas ! alas, for Erin ! Her faith in men is past,
But God is just,
And God He must
Uplift her at the last !

ROSE OF MY HEART.

Roses riot in rich profusion
Over the garden walls of June ;
Birds are singing in rare confusion
Each with his own sweet summer tune.

Fair are the flowers that morn discloses
Still suffused with the tears of dew —
Yet I know that of all the roses,
Rose of my heart, there is none like you !

THE MEMORY OF EMMET.

At the celebration of the 118th anniversary of the birth of Robert Emmet, held in Faneuil Hall, March 4, 1896, under the auspices of the Hibernian Total Abstinence Association, the following poem, specially written for the occasion, was read.

Years come and go, and kings grow old and die,
 And those who whilom held the world in thrall
 Throneless and sceptreless and crownless lie,
 Finding in death the common fate of all.

Systems and dynasties and nations rise,
 Awhile the destinies of men they sway ;
 Anon a ruin staring at the skies
 Proclaims their littleness and their decay.

Vainly the monarch flings around his throne
 A shining armament of mail-clad hordes ;
 Vainly, for lo, the centuries are strown
 With wrecks of kingdoms once upheld by swords !

Nothing survives save Right — nor king, nor throne ;
 That nation, howsoe'er its strongholds stand,
 Which hath not Right for its foundation-stone
 Is like a house that's built upon the sand.

Nothing survives save Right — for God is just ;
 The Right is His, He guards it thro' the years ;
 He humbles the oppressor in the dust,
 He hath an answer to a nation's tears.

Nothing survives save Right — a man today
 For loving Right may meet a shameful death —
 But glorified by death, his name, for aye,
 Becomes the watchword of a nation's faith !

Thus Emmet died a hundred years ago,
 Thus unto Right his faithfulness he proved ;
 His only crime — for crime they called it so —
 Was this, he would have freed the land he loved !

A hundred years ago. And yet, and yet,
 Where is the Irish heart that does not flame,
 Fired with a love 'twere treason to forget,
 At the mere sound of Robert Emmet's name !

He saw his country's very life assailed,
 Bleeding and bound a victim at the stake,
 He tried to set her free and, when he failed,
 He freely gave his life for her dear sake.

“ Let no man write my epitaph,” he said ;
 (A hand enslaved were utterly unfit,)
 So on the stone that marks where he is laid,
 His country, still un-freed, no word has writ.

But what are epitaphs engraved on stone,
Or eulogies emblazoned on a scroll?
His name and fame endure and his alone
Whose deeds are shrined within his country's soul.

Kings and their hireling hosts, when they depart,
Rot un-remembered as the years go by ;
But while there beats one faithful Irish heart,
The memory of Emmet shall not die !

A PRAIRIE REMINISCENCE.

In the years of youth and yearning, when I wandered
free and far

Out beyond the smoke of cities where the spreading
prairies are,

Once I lingered for a season by a stream that flowed
along,

Lingered captured and enraptured by a maiden and
a song.

Ah, the years between are long,

But remembrances will throng

Of a little blue-eyed maiden with a soul unknowing
wrong,

Though she's lying low today

In the westland far away,

I am dreaming, ever dreaming, of her smile and of
her song!

Oh, the splendor of that summer never from my mind
shall fade!

Nor the sweetness of the singing nor the beauty of
the maid,

Though the days of youth may vanish, yet the dreams
of youth remain,

Be the measure of our pleasure mingled howsoe'er
with pain.

Ah, the years between are long,
 But remembrances will throng
 Of a little blue-eyed maiden with a soul unknowing
 wrong.

Though upon her lonely grave
 Prairie blooms in beauty wave,
 I am dreaming, ever dreaming, of her smile and of
 her song!

Long ago I ceased my roving, ceased to wander free
 and far,
 And the golden grand ideals of my boyhood buried
 are;
 But a vision comes to cheer me as the dull days drag
 along
 Of a maiden, flower laden, pouring forth her soul in
 song.

Ah, the years between are long,
 Still the memory is strong
 Of a little blue-eyed maiden with a soul unknowing
 wrong.

Summer's sun and winter's snow,
 In her grave she's lying low;
 But I'm dreaming, ever dreaming, of her smile and of
 her song.

IN SUMMER.

Across the land the summer walks in splendor;
The flowers spring up to greet her, and the skies
Look down upon her with a glance as tender
As love awakens in a maiden's eyes.

Along the eaves I see the creeper clinging,
The morning-glories open to the sun,
And in the orchard trees the birds are singing
Their vesper service when the day is done.

The silence of the winter and its sadness
Have given place to music and to mirth,
And yet my heart discovers naught of gladness
In all the light and beauty of earth.

For one who loved the summer and the sweetness
Of woods and fields responsive to her breath
Has passed away with more than summer fleetness
Into the realm of darkness and of death.

A PICTURE.

Love's languorous look lies dreaming in her eyes,
Red roses cluster in her night-black hair,
And all in vain her snowy vesture tries
To match the whiteness of her bosom fair.
Serenely beautiful, with every grace,
With every gift that nature can impart,
A perfect woman, radiant in her place,
And lacking only this: A woman's heart!

FOR LOVE'S SWEET SAKE.

O, I have wandered many a weary mile,
 For Love's sweet sake,
 With aching heart and breaking heart the while,
 For Love's sweet sake,
 And often have I seen, through all those years,
 My brightest hopes dissolve in darkest fears,
 And known full well the bitterness of tears,
 For Love's sweet sake.

The ways forsaken of the world I've trod,
 For Love's sweet sake,
 My miseries unseen of all but God,
 For Love's sweet sake.

A stranger among strangers, I have lain
 My tired head upon the lap of Pain,
 And felt the weight of burdens borne in vain,
 For Love's sweet sake.

And knowing all I have endured for thee,
 And Love's sweet sake,
 Wilt thou not, of thy pity, turn to me,
 For Love's sweet sake?
 Unlock the door thy blindness closèd fast,
 Forget the cruel coldness of the past,
 And let me come into thy heart at last,
 For Love's sweet sake !

I SAW.

I saw the golden moon arise
 Out of the silent sea,
I saw the star-shine fill the skies
 With deeper mystery ;
I saw the shadowy ships go on
 Across the swelling tide —
And grief was in my heart for one
 Who loved me and who died !

VOICES FROM ERIN.

There are always voices calling to the exile over-seas,
Cries from Erin's mother-heart are on the wings
of every wind ;
And they fill the eye with pictures, and the mind with
memories,
Of the days of youth and love that, long ago, he
left behind.

There are always voices calling — and the clamorous
demands,
Of the present, its ambitions and its triumphs and
its fears,
Can not lessen for an instant, tho' he strays in distant
lands,
All the sweetness to the exile of the dreams of other
years !

THY DEEP, DARK EYES.

It may be I shall nevermore behold

The wondrous beauty of thy deep, dark eyes —

I know their like Time never will unfold

This side of Paradise!

And yet, where'er you be, my love, my life,

Those eyes too sad for smiles, too bright for tears,

Will cheer my heart 'mid all its care and strife,

And haunt me through the years!

SWEETHEART.

Sweetheart, O sweetheart! Though winter winds are
loud,
Though silently the earth lies beneath its snowy
shroud,
For me the birds are singing and the skies serene
and blue,
Sweetheart, O sweetheart! And all because of you.

Sweetheart, O sweetheart! The hearts of some are
bowed
In homage to the haughty, in bondage to the proud,
But happier am I by far than those who vainly sue,
Sweetheart, O sweetheart! And all because of you.

Sweetheart, O sweetheart! though thickly sorrows
crowd,
Though false are the friends who eternal friendship
vowed,
For me the future shines as if all the world were
true,
Sweetheart, O sweetheart! And all because of you.

“THE HEART OF HAVING IS SAD.”

O, how can you repay me for the hopeless love and
longing

Of the silent adoration that I offered you for
years—

For years of doubt and darkness and of trials that
came thronging,

When my heritage and portion was the bitterness
of tears!

The happiness you grant me now it may not find
expression;

The love you lavish on me it is given few to
know—

But yet, despite the rapture of the present and its
passion,

I can't forget the desolate despair of long ago!

HEROES.

If so it be we are forbid by fate
To do the deeds that make a hero great,
Let's do our duty each one as he should,
And, lacking greatness, let's at least be good.
Oh, there are seeds of kindness to be sown
In hearts that never have such kindness known ;
And words of gentleness and actions true
Are always possible for me and you.
'Tis true these seem of little worth, because
They do not win for us the world's applause.
But noble actions are not judged by size,
The great intent the action magnifies.
And though our names the world may never fill,
The ear of God may find them sweeter still.

IRELAND.

Oh Ireland, Ireland, amid the waters blue,
Across the seas, across the years my heart goes back
to you,
To you and to the faithful friends my early boyhood
knew
In Ireland, Ireland, so tender and so true !

Oh Ireland, Ireland, I mind me of the dew
That sparkled on the flowers fair that in your meadows
grew,
I mind me of the playmates and the schoolmates not
a few
In Ireland, Ireland, so tender and so true !

Oh Ireland, Ireland, though other nations sue
To win my heart's affection, yet I'm not forgetting
you,
There are no scenes so beautiful, no friends like those
I knew
In Ireland, Ireland, so tender and so true !

WHEN LOVE LAY DEAD.

When Love lay dead —
 Communing with my grieving heart, I said :
 " Now let my lot be wheresoever cast,
 Little I care, the joy of life is past.
 The golden dreams that filled the olden days,
 The gladd'ning gleams of love-illuminated ways,
 For aye have fled.
 Gone are the smiles that once the future wore,
 Gone are the gifts that once the future bore,
 Gone is my happiness, forevermore,
 Since Love lies dead."

But from Love's tomb
 Upsprang, as springs a flower in perfect bloom,
 A hope of purer, better, things to be —
 A mind made stronger by its misery,
 A heart grown tenderer by wounds that bled,
 And eyes made kindlier by tears they shed,
 A soul set free —
 And life grew sweet, again, so sweet to me,
 Though Love lay dead !

THE ROSES.

The roses, the roses, I sang about in June,
When fields were green as emerald and birds were all
atune,
The roses, the roses, snow-white and ruby red,
That filled the land with loveliness—ah, whither are
they fled ?

The roses, the roses, are withered and decayed,
And barren lie the places where their beauty was
displayed,
But in the heart where summer reigns, in spite of
sullen skies,
The rose of Love is blooming still, and never, never
dies.

THE MIDNIGHT MASS.

(An incident of the Penal Days.)

With stealthy steps across the wold
 In haste the hunted *soggarth* goes,
 The winter winds are blowing cold,
 Around him falls the winter snows.
 But little does he heed the wind,
 The blinding snow, the dark morass,
 Far fiercer are the foes behind—
 He goes to say the midnight Mass.

For hours, with many a devious turn,
 He's led the chase o'er moor and fen,
 Beheld the village tapers burn,
 But dare not seek the haunts of men,
 For close upon his track have prest,
 (His holy faith the only cause)
 With horrid oath and ruffian jest,
 The minions of the Penal Laws.

And woe to him should evil hap,
 Into their hands the priest betray !
 The raven o'er his corse would flap
 Her sable pinions ere the day—
 But fainter now have grown their cries,
 Their shots more distant than before,
 And hopes within his heart arise
 That he has baffled them *once more*.

But vain the hope of baffled foes ;
 A few more sanguine than the rest
 Still mark the trail as on he goes,
 Still keep the chase with eager zest ;
 But all unconscious fares he still,
 By tangled wood and torrent dread
 To where, beneath a lonely hill,
 The Mass in secret may be said.

Oh *faillé ! faillé !* Round him throng
 The remnant of his scattered flock—
 And Mass, with neither chant nor song,
 Is offered from a fallen rock.
 And never at cathedral shrine
 Were purer spirits wrapped in prayer
 Than those who worshipped the Divine
 Before that lowly altar there.

But hark! The rite is scarcely done
 When rings a cry upon the breeze—
 “Up, Father, for your life, and run!”
 The priest arises from his knees.
 Too late! One muttered prayer to God :
 A volley shakes the mountain-pass,
 The priest lies slain upon the sod,
 He'll say no more the midnight Mass !

“COME UNTO ME.”

Filled is the world with misery and sorrow,
 Sad are our lives with bitterness and sin,
 Cares for today and worries for tomorrow,
 Darkness without and deeper gloom within;
 Yet in the midst of our profound depression
 There is an eye Divine our needs to see,
 There is a voice of infinite compassion
 Saying in accents sweet, “Come unto Me.”

“Come unto Me, you weary ones that labor,
 Jesus of Nazareth—lo, I am He!
 I am the Christ transfigured on Mount Tabor,
 I am the Christ transfixed on Calvary!
 What though you’ve sinned against my heavenly
 Father,
 Yet have I pity on your souls distress,
 You to My Sacred Heart I fain would gather,
 Come unto Me and I will give you rest.

“Come unto Me! Oh heed the invitation,
 You whom the world has treated with disdain;
 You who have need of strength and consolation,
 You who would find a solace for your pain;
 Cease to pursue each fleeting, false ideal,
 Follow no longer every fruitless quest;
 Only in Me is there a joy that’s real,
 Only with Me will you find perfect rest.”

Ah ! the sweet word of our dear Lord in heaven,
Ah ! the bright hope that nothing here can dim,
Though on our lives the stain of sin be, even,
He'll not deny us if we come to Him ;
Then let our nearest turn in coldness from us,
Then let our dearest fail at friendship's test,
Have we not Christ and His unfailing promise :
" Come unto Me and I will give you rest " ?

Many a shadow may enshroud the dreamer,
Many a cry may fall upon his ear,
But the sweet voice of his Divine Redeemer
Softly insistent he must always hear ;
And though his days be filled with strife and sadness,
And though he sings but in a minor key,
Still there remains to touch his life with gladness
Ever the words of Christ : " Come unto Me."

CHRISTMAS-TIME IN IRELAND.

At Christmas-time in Ireland how the holly branches
twine

In stately hall and cabin old and gray !
And red among the leaves the holly-berries brightly
shine,

At Christmas-time in Ireland far away.
And brighter than the berries are the kindly Irish
eyes,

And cheery are the greetings of the day,—
The greetings and the blessings from the Irish hearts
that rise

At Christmas-time in Ireland far away !

At Christmas-time in Ireland you can hear the chapel
bell

A-calling ere the dawning of the day,
You can see the people thronging over field and over
fell,

To the "early Mass" in Ireland far away ;
And saintly are the *soggarths* that before the altars
stand,

And faithful are the flocks that kneel and pray—
Ah, surely God must show'r His choicest blessings on
the land

At Christmas-time in Ireland far away !

At Christmas-time in Ireland there is feasting, there is
song,

And merrily the fife and fiddle play,
And lightly dance the colleens and the boys the eve-
ning long,

At Christmas-time in Ireland far away.
There is light and there is laughter, there is music,
there is mirth,

And lovers speak as only lovers may,—
Ah, there is nothing half so sweet in any land on earth
As Christmas-time in Ireland far away !

At Christmas-time in Ireland there is sorrow, too, for
those

Who scattered far in exile sadly stray,
And many a tear in silence for a friend beloved flows

At Christmas-time in Ireland far away ;
But still amid the grieving is a hope to banish fears,
That God will send them safely back some day,
To know again the happiness that long ago was theirs
At Christmas-time in Ireland far away !

JOHN AND SAM.

"You're doing well," says John to Sam,
 "And every day you're growing stronger ;
 I'm very much surprised, I am,
 And can't conceal my friendship longer ;
 Our blood's the same," says John to Sam,
 "So let us be as one great nation ;
 I'm very sure," says John, "I am,
 That we can lick creation.

"Of course, you know," to Sam says John,
 "That it is years since I forgave your
 Peculiar acts at Lexington,
 And all your subsequent behavior ;
 And though you still," says John to Sam,
 "May lack aristocratic manners,
 I'm willing to o'erlook it, Sam,
 When we unite our banners."

"You've very kind," says Sam to John,
 "But I don't think it would be pleasant
 In brotherhood to take you on ;
 "At least," says Sam, "not just at present.
 Some little things that I recall
 Make your remarks seem out of season,
 For I suspect that under all
 You have a selfish reason.

“ You didn’t boast of kindred blood
Some years ago, nor smile so sweetly ;
In fact, you tried the best you could
To wipe me off the map completely.
Forgetting things of that kind, John,
I tell you isn’t quite my style yet,
And as for brotherhood, dear John,
’T won’t be for quite a while yet.”

THE SONG I WOULD SING.

I'm fain, in the song that I sing for thee, dearest,
 To weave all the beauties around me that lie,
 The gleam of the stream when its wave is the clearest,
 The green of the woods and the blue of the sky;
 The crystalline dew on the grass of the meadows,
 The morning mist hiding the high mountain crest,
 The shine of the sun and the play of the shadows,
 The shimmer of leaves that are never at rest—

But only a rhyme that has no beauty in it
 Is all the result of the effort I make,
 And dreams that I'd capture are gone in a
 minute,
 And rude is the song that I sing for your
 sake.

I'm fain in the song that I sing for thee, dearest,
 To weave all the music that nature affords,
 The lilt of the lark when the summer is nearest,
 Too subtle and sweet in its meaning for words;
 The hum of the bees that are robbing the roses,
 The far away sound of the surges of seas,
 The chorus of birds when the summer day closes,
 The laughter of rills and the whisper of trees,

But only a rhyme that has no music in it
Is all the result of the effort I make,
And dreams that I'd capture are gone in a
minute,
And rude is the song that I sing for your
sake.

WAITING.

Oh, ever and ever the waves roll in,
 And beat on the yellow sands!
 But never, oh never, the lad comes back
 Who voyaged to distant lands!
 The ocean is white with the sails of ships
 That steer for the harbor of Lynn;
 I can scan them all with an anxious eye
 But never my ship comes in.
 Moans the sea, the wild winds wail,
 But still no trace of my lover's sail;
 Sailor men drinking and singing in Lynn,
 But never, oh never, my ship comes in.

Long years ago my lover's ship
 Sailed out on the ebbing tide;
 I watched her till only a tiny speck
 Upon the horizon wide.
 And many a gallant youth since then
 Has striven my heart to win —
 But my heart is over the waters afar
 With a ship that never comes in.
 Oh, ever and ever the sound of the wave
 It cries like a mother over a grave;
 Wedding bells clanging and ringing in
 Lynn,
 But, never, oh never, my ship comes in!

Yestreen the maidens, one and all,
 Donned holiday coif and gown
To greet the soldiers, scarlet clad,
 Parading through the town.
Rejoiced and cheered they all save I,
 For 'mid the merry din
I thought of a sailor lad, and I wept
 For a ship that never comes in.
 Oh, young folk marry, and old folk die,
 Merry folk laugh, and weary folk sigh !
 Sad, oh sad, is the town of Lynn,
 For never, oh never, my ship comes in.

AFTER SUMMER.

You will come again, O Summer, with the fragrance
of the flowers,
And the verdant meadows vying with the beauty of
the bowers,
Shady woods and waves that shimmer, and the blue
sky bending o'er,
But a happy heart, O Summer, you will bring me
back no more!

You will come again, O Summer, with the singing of
the birds,
And the loving laugh replying to the ring of wooing
words,
With the mirth and merry-making of the days in
pleasure spent,
But you'll never bring, O Summer, back again my
heart's content!

DO WE FORGET ?

Do we forget because our tears are dried,
Because the passionate out-burst of our woe
Is silent now, are our beloved who died
Forgotten in their narrow beds and low ?

Ah, no ; though other thoughts may move the mind,
Though other feelings may possess the heart,
We keep the memory of the dead enshrined
In deep recesses, sacred and apart.

And though we weep no more as first we did
When death appeared and hid them from our eyes,
Love is not covered with a coffin-lid,
And sad remembrance of them never dies.

LOVE AND REASON.

If love forget what love most dear should hold,
Or learn the things that love should never know,
Then, maid, beware, — for soon above the cold
Dead ashes of your love your tears will flow.

Love's draught is sweet — the sweetest far that flows
To bathe the lips of those who fain would sup ;
Love's draught is sweet, but bitter soon it grows,
If reason be not mingled in the cup.

WHAT IT IS.

Love is a summer bright with pleasure,
 Love is a winter dark with grief,
 Love is a bliss that hath no measure,
 Love is a pain beyond belief;
 Love is a well in the desert, giving
 Joy to the thirsty caravan;
 Love is a vain mirage, deceiving
 Famishing man !

Thus with words do we endeavor
 Love to depict and to define,
 But we attain our object never,
 Weak and vain is our strongest line.
 Search we fact or search we fiction,
 Ages past as it is today—
 Love is the world's great contradiction
 Ever and aye !

AN EXILE'S LONGING.

When I feel the breezes blowing, strongly blowing
 from the West,
 And I mark the steamers sailing back across the
 ocean's breast,
 Then my heart is sick within me to be going with the
 rest

To Ireland !

For the weary years are long,
 And my life is going wrong,
 And I'm longing for the sight of Ireland !

Oh happy are the people who with streaming eyes
 behold
 In the blessed light of morning Erin's headlands
 looming bold, '
 And happy thrice are they who tread the scenes
 beloved of old

In Ireland !

For the exiled years of grief
 In their present joy are brief,
 And they are glad to be back in Ireland !

Let me come again to Ireland ere my days be all
forespent,
Though my hair be white as ashes and my body weak
and bent, |
Let me only come to die there, and I know I'll die
content

In Ireland.

For 'tis sweet when life is past
To lie down to rest at last,
With the friends of our youth in Ireland.

LET US HAVE WAR!

Let us have war! I long to see the soldiers
 Marching away with sun-kist banners blowing,
 Marching away with sounding drum and bugle,
 Flashing of swords and answering glint of bay'nets.
 Thunder of hoarse commands along the columns,
 Cadence of measured footbeats on the pavement,
 Trampling of fretful steeds bestrid by riders
 Belted and plumed, transfigured into heroes!

Let us have war! I long to see the pageant,
 Dull are the days and gray, we want some color—
 Color to fill the eye and thrill the heart-strings;
 Yellow and blue, and red and white together,
 Flowing along between the cheering people.
 God! It is awful to be color-hungry!
 Awful to starve so for a new sensation!
 Awful to drag and drudge through times so peaceful!

Let us have war! What is 't you say? Oh, widows—
 Widows and orphans, suffering and sorrow—
 Man, you're no patriot to talk in that strain!
 Passion wants rein awhile, we're tired of reason,
 Peace is a poor condition for a people
 Prosperous and great and powerful as we are.

Let us have war ! The bloodier the better !
Let the young men we know go forth to battle ;
Send to the slaughter other people's brothers—
That's what they're meant for—to defend their country.
Let them be immolated for their country—
Sweet is the fate of him who dies for country !

What ? Go myself ? O well, you know I'd like to,
But you can see for yourself that I'm too busy.

BOER AND BRITON.

(Being a woful ballad of Cousin John Bull.)

When our kinsman o'er the water, Cousin John,
Looked around for easy things to pick upon,
In the Transvaal he detected cause for grievance, so
selected

The South African republic as the one.

(Yes, he hit upon the Boer as the one).

So he massed his soldiers everywhere he could,
Saying, softly like, " I'll give it to him good !
This air Kruger's only bluffin', I'll go in and knock
the stuffin'

Out of him and his as long ago I should ! "

(He persuaded of himself as how he should).

But the Boer is a fellow that can fight,
And he doesn't get so rattled as he might ;
Though he hasn't English schooling, when he shoots
he isn't fooling,

And the color of his feather isn't white.

(Never known to show a feather that was white).

He is not a naked black with fuzzy hair
 To run up against a Maxim unaware,
 But he knows the tricks of fighting, and he seems to
 take delight in
 Picking off a decoration here and there !
 (Mark the officers a-falling here and there !)

So, the soldiers of the army of the Queen
 Find they're up against a foe who isn't green,
 And the tales of battle winning that we heard in the
 beginning —
 They may tell them to some immature marine.
 (To some very, very immature marine !)

For the Boer's winning battles — just a few,
 And John Bull is adding much to what he knew,
 And of course we're deeply worried to see Cousin John
 so flurried —
 For he's bit off, this time, more than he can chew.
 (And of course we're deeply sorry. Aren't you ?)

TO PAUL KRUGER.

Here's our love to you, Paul Kruger, in the Transvaal
far away,
And your fighting farmer-soldiers waiting grimly for
the fray!

May the God of battles aid you when the war-clouds
burst in wrath
And the Jackal of the Nations stands revealed upon
your path!

When the plotting, planning schemers have been
foiled in all their fraud
And the pirate flag of Britain to the wind is thrown
abroad,

When the wolf-pack of the spoiler on your trail is giv-
ing tongue,
And the might of British legions 'gainst your home-
spun ranks is flung,—

Then we say and pray, Paul Kruger, may your soldiers
shoot to kill—
May they give a deeper meaning to the words, "Ma-
juba Hill."

May the Boer's heart grow braver and the Boer's aim
more true,
May his spirit grow more eager for the work 'tis his to
do!

May the shock of Boer bullets and the glint of Boer
steel,
To the looter and the robber Freedom's majesty reveal.
Yes, we say and pray, Paul Kruger, may the God that
you adore
Give you strength to hound and hunt them from your
land, forevermore!

GENERAL JOUBERT.

(Otherwise known as "Slim Piet," or "Crafty Peter," who died during the Boer War, after a series of phenomenal successes against the British).

He ain't got no frills or flounces on his name,
 No Victoria crosses decorate his breast ;
 But I tell you he's a soldier, just the same,
 And among the nations' fighters he's the best.
 He's a plain old square-jawed citizen, that's all ;
 In his book there ain't no word that means defeat ;
 He's a regular holy terror, and you'll make no blooming error
 If you bet your money on " Slim Piet ! "

He ain't got no azure life-blood in his veins,
 An' no titles does he carry when he fights.
 But he knows enough to come in when it rains,
 And he bars the British lion ere it bites.
 He's a commonplace old duffer, that is all ;
 But the Britons stand from under when he drops ;
 He can put them through their paces, up his sleeve he keeps five aces,
 An' he's got a way of springing " Spion Kops."

He ain't had no chance to study up the rules
Of the high-toned English way of making war,
But he's showing men from British army schools
Just a trick or two they didn't know before ;
He's a homely man with whiskers, that is all,
But he doesn't know the meaning of defeat,
And we'll understand him fuller when again he wallops
Buller—
He's a daisy of a general, " Slim Piet ! "

WHENE'ER I THINK OF THEE.

Whene'er I think of thee, of thee who died
 While yet my lips were warm with thy caress,
 Who pined and failed and faded from my side
 As fades a flower of summer loveliness,
 A long procession moves before my eyes
 Of days that once were dear to thee and me,
 And floods of sadly-sweet emotions rise
 Whene'er I think of thee.

Whene'er I think of thee my soul expands,
 The beauty of creation is my own,
 No longer bound by sorrow's iron bands
 I pine in rayless wretchedness, alone.
 And all things lovely that have ever been
 Or through the ages evermore will be,
 I hold them every one my heart within
 Whene'er I think of thee.

The splendor of the sunset and the dawn,
 The rose breath wafted on the winds of June,
 The startled shyness of the forest fawn,
 The haunting music of the robin's tune,
 The mystery of the starlight on the plain,
 The magic of the moonlight on the sea,
 All these, and more than these, are mine again
 Whene'er I think of thee.

Whene'er I think of thee my youth returns,
 My fair, free youth, my days of daring dreams,
And many a joy for which the present yearns,
 Comes back to haunt me with its golden gleams,
And youthful hopes, love-sanctified and blest,
 Once more in all their witchery I see ;
They come again, my first-beloved and best,
 Whene'er I think of thee.

“ BONNY MARY OF ARGYLE.”

When the summer sun in splendor
 On the distant plains had set,
 And the golden-rod so tender
 By the falling dew was wet.
 When the vesper-bird was silent,
 And the winds had ceased to sigh,
 By our cottage door we gathered
 Out beneath the dark'ning sky,
 And full soon 'a voice was ringing,
 And we sat entranced the while,—
 One we loved was sweetly singing
 “ Bonny Mary of Argyle.”

I have heard rich voices blending
 In cathedrals old and dim,
 To the throne of God ascending
 Craving mercy, peace, of Him.
 But within my memory liveth
 That sweet song of other years,
 And hath power to soothe my sadness
 With the blessed balm of tears.
 Ah, the grandest anthem ringing
 In cathedral choir or aisle,
 Could not equal that sweet singing,
 “ Bonny Mary of Argyle ! ”

'Neath the golden-rod now lieth
The fair singer of the song,
And the western zephyr sigheth
O'er her lone grave all day long.
Weary I, and heavy-hearted,
Plod a-through the world my way,
And my life with many a sorrow
Is more darkened day by day,
But a tender mem'ry clinging
Brings me back a gentle smile,
And a voice so sweetly singing
"Bonny Mary of Argyle."

I THINK OF THEE.

I think of thee
 When evening shades are falling,
 And sweet bells calling
From a white convent o'er the distant lea ;
And dreamily
 The evening breezes blow from out the west.
 The world's at rest,
In twilight wrapt, serene, and turmoil-free.
 A nightingale
 Sings her sad song and sweet far down the vale
Where deepest shadows be —
 All lonely I
 Gaze on the darkened meads, the darkening
 sky
And think of thee !

A BURIED HEART.

They buried the maid in the forest glade ;
 They digged her grave in the shade of a fir ;
 (Over the spot where she is laid
 Whispering winds the branches stir).

Solemn and slow the gray-haired priest
 Murmured a Latin prayer, and ceased.
 The holy water fell like a tear,
 As they piled the mould upon her bier.

Low, low in the forest glade
 They laid her down in the shade of a fir—
 But, all unknown to the priest who pray'd,
 Unknown to the wielders of mattock and spade,
 They buried my heart in the grave with her !

Fair she was as flow'rs in the dell,
 That rise where the feet of spring have trod,
 And pure as the saints that the seers tell
 Chant round the great white throne of God.

Sweet was her voice as the birds that sing
 When summer kisses departing spring ;
 And her lightest word was more to me
 Than aught on earth again may be.

Wild was the grief of her friends, and loud,
 As they laid her low in the shade of a fir ;
 Tears shone on the cheek of her father proud—
 But I was mute amid the crowd,
 Tho' my heart was deep in the grave with her !

Toll, toll, O mission bell,
 Toll for the fair-faced maid who died.
 Voices of priests in Masses swell,
 And waft her soul to the Virgin's side !
 Toll, toll, O sad-voiced bell,
 For the maid who lies in the shade of a fir ;
 And, O, let your notes ring out as well
 For my heart that lies in the grave with her

WHEN MAMIE SPEAKS HER PIECE.

Whatever way the world may wag,
 Whate'er its ups and downs,
 Though luck betray and fortune lag,
 And life be full of frowns,
 There is a time when all my woes
 And all my sorrows cease,
 'Tis when, arrayed in Sunday clothes,
 Our Mamie speaks her piece.

Ah, there is little room for care
 In heart or mind just then ;
 I simply lean back in my chair
 The happiest of men.
 I lean back in my chair, and know
 Of every pain surcease,
 When word by word, now loud, now low,
 Our Mamie speaks her piece.

When we have company 'tis then
 Our Mamie's at her best,
 And I am proud—and then, again,
 For her I fear the test.
 But Mamie's memory doesn't lapse,
 Her courage makes increase,
 And company just claps and claps
 When Mamie speaks her piece.

I've listened oft to actor folks
 On many a city stage,
I've heard them tell their funny jokes,
 Familiar grown with age ;
I've seen them do these warrior men
 Of ancient Rome and Greece,
But still I didn't thrill as when
 Our Mamie speaks her piece.

And so, howe'er the world may wag,
 Whate'er its ups and downs,
Though fickle fortune limp and lag,
 And life be full of frowns,
My heart is light, and home at night
 I find a sweet release
From every pain of heart and brain,
 When Mamie speaks her piece.

THE AUTUMN RAIN.

Raining in the springtime!—
But we always know
That the sun will shine again
In a day or so.
Though the eaves may drip and drip,
Skies be overcast,
In our hearts we feel and say
'Tisn't long to last.
Soon the summer's sweetness
All the land will fill,
Murk and mist no longer
Hide the distant hill;
Soon again the sky will
Smile upon the plain—
Thus we feel in springtime,
Looking at the rain.

Raining in the autumn!—
Ah, the dreary day!
Will the clouds that hide the sun
Never pass away!
Listen to the monotone
Of the dripping eaves.
List to the lamenting of
The wind among the leaves.

Gone the summer's beauty—
 Every bud is dead ;
Gone the summer's music—
 Every bird is fled ;
All the hopes that held us
 Through the year are vain,
When we sit in autumn
 Looking at the rain !

COME, CHEER UP !

Come, cheer up, my moody friend !
 What's the good of whining ?
 What's the good of moping 'round
 Sighing and repining ?
 See, the sky is bright and blue,
 See, the sun is shining !
 Let the sun shine in on you,
 On your heart and spirit, too,
 Let it bid you dare and do—
 What's the good of whining ?
 Come, cheer up !

Come, cheer up ! Lift up your head !
 What's the good of whining ?
 Lo, the very darkest cloud
 Has a silver lining !
 Face your fate and do not stand
 Peaking thus and pining ;
 Though your gift may not be grand,
 Do what's nearest to your hand,
 Do it well and truly, and
 You won't think of whining
 Come, cheer up !

Come, cheer up ! Whate'er your lot,
What's the good of whining?
Griefs ? Why, every grief you bear
Is of wise designing.
Cares ? Why, every care is sent
Trying and refining.
Then be blithe of heart and strong,
Labor hard and labor long,
And amid your smile and song
Leave no place for whining—
Come, cheer up !

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